Jessica Thacker

Creative Writing; 1:00

Personal Essay

September 18, 2011

Green-Eyed Monster

I have always been the jealous type. This jealousy hit me harder than ever when Katie came to live with me and my family every weekend. I had always been the girl of the house, besides my mother, and now this new Katie is part of our “family,” too.

The first day she arrived I was happy to see her; I have known her my whole life by going on vacation to EAA Airventure in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, but we were never close, more acquaintances than anything else. She came to our house that weekend because my dad was going to teach her how to fly so she could earn her solo license, and eventually advance to her private pilot’s license. I saw her car pull into the driveway; she walked in the door with a smile upon her face and gave a hug to everyone in the family. This is where the green-eyed monster of jealousy first made his appearance.

This monster seems like he has a mindset of making everything in life a thousand times more complicated than it needs to be. He seems to enjoy poking his little ugly head in to everyday situations we have and try to frustrate us over someone else’s possessions, lifestyle, or popularity. He sneaks up behind us and whispers in our ear. He says that it is necessary for us to be just like, if not better, than the other person we compare ourselves to. At times, slapping that monster in the face could make life a whole lot easier. Whenever we try to ignore him he always seems to have a way of popping back up into our lives just to see what else he can make harder for us. He stares at us with his green demon-like eyes, taking control of our mind and putting unnecessary thoughts in our mind about the situation at hand.

Since my dad was the one who would be teaching Katie to fly, this meant that she would be spending a lot of time with *my* dad. As you can guess, that made me upset. My dad was already gone for most of the week for work, flying jets for United Airlines, and then when he would come home for the weekend he would spend most of his time with Katie teaching her to fly or just spending time with her. Had he forgotten about me that I am his actual daughter? This was all moving too fast. It felt like he had already accepted Katie as a daughter and thought just as fondly, if not more, of her than myself. And I know this may sound a little drastic, but when you’re used to being the baby of the family, and the only girl, you aren’t used to change of having to accept a totally new girl into your life and consider her to be your big sister. It seems that this situation was forced onto me all at once.

A few weeks later on a Thursday, before Katie had arrived, my dad called me into his living room to talk. He had me sit by him on the couch like we used to, but this now was where he’d sit with Katie, while I would move and sit on the other couch across the room whenever she was over. I felt that I now had to share the daughter role, and when you’re a girl my age you want the focus of your parents’ attention to be on you. When he asked me to come sit by him, I believe he was trying to say sorry. But I may be overanalyzing every detail he just may not realize. But then again, that’s how girls are in my personal experience.

High school is the prime of all drama in my opinion. Girls, and guys alike, over exaggerate, over analyze, or just make things way more complicated than they need to be. We dramatize over tiny details that may have little to no relevance to what the other person was trying to say to us. A lot of times we think too much and should just look at a broader picture of the situation to make everything go a lot smoother.

While we were sitting on the couch my dad looked at me and asked if I thought it was okay if Katie kept coming to live with us on the weekends even after she earned her solo license. He mentioned how she doesn’t have anyone else to go home to. And even though I already knew Katie’s devastating story about her family, the jealousy of her trying to steal *my* dad from me was still very fresh in my mind. It was like he could sense that I was upset with my new living companion. I wanted to make my dad happy, though. I knew that he loved Katie and wanted to make her feel at home away from home, so I told him that I was okay with it. He smiled and gave me a hug and asked again “just to make sure.” Of course, I said yes again but inside I was still unsure.

Week after week passed and now it was nearing my birthday. I would be turning seventeen. When the day finally arrived I found a note in my room. It was from Katie. She wrote about how she’s happy that she gets to spend time with me and the family and how thankful she was that she has us in her life. The part that stuck out the most in this letter was her telling me that every moment you spend with your family is precious time and you should be spending it making memories. She told me about how she and her dad used to always drive to Dairy Queen and listen to Pink Floyd on their way there. She said that this was a huge memory between her in her dad that she will always remember. My dad is a sucker for U2, so she suggested that I we go on a drive and listen to U2 and go to Steak n Shake. She said that I’d be thankful for it someday. And attached to the letter was a gift card to Steak n Shake so I could start building memories.

Reading this note changed me a little bit inside. I felt like I had been a big jerk. Katie was there to help remind me to cherish moments with my parents because you never know how long you’ll have with them. Katie and I became closer and closer after that day.

The green-eyed monster of jealousy died that day. We must learn to be more accepting and not so judgmental to other. Doing this can kill the green-eyed monster in your life. Being open minded to new things or people, and trying to minimize the drama, can make everything a lot better in our lives.

Months passed, and now Katie is my big sister. And this was no longer a title people considered her to me, but it was a title that I *wanted* to call her. After my birthday we began to find things in common, like our love for the movie *Across the Universe*. We would sit there and gush over0 Jude and just giggle over the littlest things. It was a start. It was a strange feeling at first, it was like living with a stranger, then a friend and then after that a big sister. Once you spend so much time with someone you keep getting closer and closer and that is what happened for us. It’s funny how an opinion of someone can change like that. But as I said earlier, that how girls are.